

gyre

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LONGWOOD COLLEGE
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We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
leaning together
headpiece filled with straw—
Alas!

T. S. Eliot

GYRE

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FROM THE EDITOR

This is the third issue of the Gyre, and one which we all hope lives up to the reputation gained by our last issue. The problems of keeping up the pace set by our very successful last issue were many; as with any endeavor, there is always a tendency to rest on our laurels. It would not be fair to the Longwood student body, however, to do so; consequently we have tried to learn from both the success of the last issue and also from past failures. We as a staff can only hope that this magazine is what it should be—a reflection of the students at Longwood. If it is not, only bear in mind that a literary magazine can print only what material it is given. If we, as a staff, have neglected some portion of the student body, we can say honestly that we tried, nevertheless, to reach everyone.

Just a short word, then about our last issue. Careful readers may have seen the ACP insignia on the inside cover of the magazine; ACP is an organization for collegiate publications which offers numerous benefits, among these being an excellent rating service. The ACP judges criticize each magazine sent into the

rating service, and then give each one a grade, or rating, ranging from fourth class to All American. (All American is an honor bestowed upon only 5% of all magazines judged.) On this scale, the Gyre was rated as First Class, the class directly below All American. This in itself is an honor, one which is due to the enthusiastic support given us by the student body during the last annual literary contest.

We cannot, regardless of such success, be content to accept this as the highest achievement possible. We of the staff feel that Longwood has the potentiality to produce an All American magazine. With contributions and support from the student body, we can acquire this honor. The Gyre is closer to All American than ever before in the magazine's past, including the years when it was the Colonnade. But, as was said, no staff can print what is not written by the students, and so the burden of producing a top quality magazine lies in you, as a prospective contributor. And if and when the Gyre receives a rating of All American, the credit and honor must also go to you.



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"A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE"

Miko Timoeque sat by himself, and his teacher Miss Margo watched him intently. He was usually one of the happiest five year olds she had ever taught. Yet, all day he had been withdrawn and moody. Something must be troubling him, and with Christmas so near, no child should be worrying about any problem greater than what to ask Santa to bring.

Putting on a happy smile, Miss Margo walked over and knelt beside Miko. "Don't you feel well today?" Miko looked up at his favorite friend other than his new Mom and Dad, and replied softly, "Yes, I OK." "Is anything troubling you?" "No," he said. "Well then, have you thought about what you want Santa to bring you?" A flicker of interest appeared in Miko's dark eyes as he asked, "Miss Margo, do really, really a Santa Claus?" Some kids say yes. Some they say no."

"Of course, there's really a Santa Claus." "Haven't your Mom and Dad told you about him?"

"Yes, that's what up mixes me."

Miss Margo had to smile at his quaint use of English and the serious expression on his little face. Her voice was gentle as she verified what his parents had told him. "There really is a Santa Claus; Miko, just wait until Christmas day," she concluded.

Miko's smile was bright as Miss Margo helped him on with his winter coat and sent him outdoors with the other children.

Miko hurried the block to his home and arrived with red cheeks and a cheery smile. Mrs. Farrell greeted him with a warm hug and sent him to the kitchen for a glass of milk and a cookie. She hung his coat and cap up, and then sat down beside him at the table. She was young and pretty—almost as pretty as Miss Margo. She had large blue eyes that were always twinkling and the softest voice. As he told her about school, she watched him fondly. He had been their little boy, since she and her husband had first met him at the airport on June 20, though the final adoption papers wouldn't go through for another six months. They had been told that this first year would not be an easy one for Miko, or for his new parents. He had been in an orphanage in Japan, since he was three, and it was only a year and a half since the Farrells had heard about him through a friend of theirs who was teaching in Japan. It had taken a year to arrange everything, but now he was in their home and in the center of their hearts. The kids at school were beginning to call him Mike, and she was sure that he would soon want the name Michael Farrell instead of Miko Timoeque.

Since this would be Miko's first Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Farrell were determined to make it a very exciting and happy one. That Saturday, the family was shopping downtown, when Miko caught sight of a Santa Claus surrounded by children. Leaving his father, he went to stand in line, waiting to talk to Santa Claus.

As Santa put Miko on his knee, the little boy felt a shiver of excitement. After Santa asked the inevitable question, Miko leaned close to his ear, and whispered with a slight catch in his voice, "I want a puppy dog."

Santa grinned and said, "I may not have room in my pack for a big one, but I'll be sure to put a little one in for you." "Be a good boy!"

Miko was excited and happy for the rest of the day, partly because there were all sorts of interesting packages in the back seat of the car, but even more so, because he and Santa shared a secret.

The last day of kindergarten had come, and Miko had delivered the present he had especially picked for Miss Margo. They had had a Christmas party with cookies and ice cream, and presents. Miko had waited breathlessly for the moment that Miss Margo unwrapped the fan he had chosen. Her smile and thank you meant more to Miko than the "This is really neat," he'd received from Johnny, when they'd exchanged gifts.

After Miss Margo had finished opening her presents and had thanked her children once again for them, they moved their chairs into a circle, and their young teacher told them the story of "The Night Before Christmas."

Miko listened intently to his pretty teacher's voice and found himself learning about Christmas Eve. When the story ended, he was even more excited about the prospect of Christmas, but one thing began to bother him. The Farrells had a nice brick house with pretty bright rooms and furniture which was fun to climb over, but

they didn't have a fireplace. Where would he put his stocking so that Santa would be sure to find it? Even more important how would Santa get inside the house, for Miko was sure that there wasn't a chimney?

After school, he walked quickly toward his home, and before he would sit down at the table for a cookie, he walked from room to room checking to make sure. When he returned to the kitchen, Mrs. Farrell asked, "What was all that about?"

Miko was thoughtful for a few moments before he said, "Does Santa always come down chimney?"

Mrs. Farrell replied, "Why yes, of course," but then with a hint of intuition she added, "That is when houses have chimneys."

"You mean he comes, even if no chimney there? How he come in?"

Mrs. Farrell smiled, "He comes in through the door, and we'll be sure to leave it unlocked for him."

Reaching for another cookie, Miko sighed as if a heavy load were off his mind.

The Sunday before Christmas, Miko's Sunday School class had a special birthday party in honor of Jesus. Miko was as excited about this event as any little boy could be, for he felt very close to the little boy, Jesus, he had been learning about each Sunday. When he came home, he told his Mom and Dad all about it—about the birthday cake with real candles and the songs they'd sung. But that night as Mrs. Farrell listened to his prayers, she heard him say, "I'm

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sorry Jesus that for you, there no was cake to eat at own party." Not knowing what to say, she gently closed the door and walked away.

Miko helped decorate the house with fresh pine, and together his father and he picked the prettiest tree they could find. The day before Christmas, snow began to fall making the yard a fairyland in which Miko would have played all day, if his mother had let him. By eight o'clock Miko was tired and ready for bed. Mrs. Farrell stood in the doorway as he knelt by his bed to pray. She listened unconsciously until she heard the words "and please don't let Santa forget about the puppy dog."

Mrs. Farrell waited until he had finished his prayer and then stepped inside the room, "Miko, did you ask Santa to bring you a puppy?"

As if he were telling her a great secret, he said, "Yes, and he promised to bring."

Mrs. Farrell thought frantically trying to decide what to say. "Why didn't you tell Mom and Dad about the puppy?"

Miko smiled as he said, "I wanted Santa to give me him."

Knowing it was much too late to find a puppy for a Christmas present, she said, "Sometimes Santa can't always do what he promises, at least not for Christmas day, but if he promised, I'm sure that he'll bring you a puppy just as soon as he can."

Miko smiled, "I not worried, puppy will be here, you'll see."

Mrs. Farrell kissed her young son and quietly left the room. Once downstairs she accosted Tom, "Did you even ask Miko what he wanted Santa to bring him?"

"No, I didn't!" "He wants a puppy dog and . . . Tom, he's so sure that Santa will bring him one." "It will break his heart tomorrow, if there isn't a puppy waiting for him."

Tom went to the directory, and seating himself beside the phone, he searched for the pet shops. There was no answer at any of them.

"Let's try the want ads," Nancy said as she handed him the paper. Only one had any puppies left, and they were too young to wean. "But in about two weeks you can have a fine collie pup." Tom gave his name and address and promised to drop by to see about the dog.

Tom and Nancy worked together almost silently for two hours before she said, "Can you finish by yourself?" Pausing on the stairs she looked down at her husband. An ornament fell from the tree, and as he knelt to pick it up, he ran his fingers through his dark hair, and his shoulders slumped dejectedly. She knew that he would have done anything for her and Miko, and all Miko wanted was a puppy. Slowly, she walked up the stairs.

Tom finished decorating the tree, and just as he had arranged the manger scene on the floor, the phone rang. Catching it on the first ring, he heard, "I've been thinking about that little boy of yours. My cousin has one pup left. He's a runt and a little weak, but if you really want a pup for the kid, Joe'll give him to you."

After receiving the directions, he rushed upstairs to tell his wife, but she was fast asleep. Without awakening her, he closed the door and went outside.

It was still dark when Miko bounced into his

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parents' room to wish them a Merry Christmas. Mrs. Farrell looked uneasily at Miko as he danced impatiently before them. They put on their robes and slippers and Mrs. Farrell said, "We'll eat after we've opened the presents." "Let's go."

Miko dashed down the stairs and into the living room. His Mother followed; she saw first the pretty tree, then the shiny red bike trimmed with a huge green bow and then little Miko sitting on the floor hugging and being kissed by a wiggly bunch of brown fur. She clutched her husband's arm, and said, "Tom, do you think . . . ?"

Tom laughed as he handed her the dog's leash which he'd carried from the bedroom. "He thinks Santa brought him." "That's all that's important."

Nancy squeezed his hand tightly, and there were tears in her eyes as she went to greet the new addition to the family.

After that hectic and wonderful morning, the Farrells cleaned the house and dressed for church. The Sunday School was leading the service, and Miko had a part, although he wouldn't tell them what it was.

During the prelude, Tom and Nancy scanned the program, and as their eyes caught the name Mike Farrell opposite the word—Prayer, they shared a joyous smile.

Near the end of the service, little Mike stood up to give his prayer. As his parents listened, they knew they would remember this day forever.

"Thank you, God, for Mothers and Fathers and thank you for Santa Claus."

At this point the whispered voice of a small child stated with evident disappointment, "There is no Santa Claus."

Without a pause, Miko concluded, "And God bless little girls and boys who don't believe in Santa Claus."

Roberta White

THE ROLE OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT

This debate is the first of a possible series of discussions to be presented in the Gyre. The persons taking part will remain anonymous, except for the moderator, who is the editor of this magazine. One of the participants is a member of Student Government, and the other is from the student body at large. For the purposes of identification, let us refer to the student government girl as SG and the average student as Coed.

Moderator: Our first question for this evening is: is a student government necessary? If so, why or why not?

Coed: Yes, a student government is necessary . . . some kind of government for students is, but it's not necessarily pertinent because a student government, if it's ineffective, is the worst thing in the world. So often, well, more often student governments are ineffective because they don't represent the student body and they aren't a voice of the students. Many times student governments become only a tool of the administration. But on the other hand it is necessary because it guides those who aren't ready to be completely independent, and it gives the students, especially the young ones, some sort of basis to go on.

SG: In every society, no matter where it is, there is some form of government. This form of government whether it be administrative or student, is not necessarily the question, but rather its

effectiveness and its usefulness. It seems that this is the question rather than whether student government itself is necessary, because there can be situations where it is not necessary, but how it carries out its job and its effectiveness is really the question.

Moderator: Do you feel that the presence of a student government makes a difference in the student's later role as an active citizen?

Coed: May I ask, are you asking the student, the one who does not participate in student government or the one who is an active participant, such as the Board members?

Moderator: You, as a student, from the student body as a whole, should voice your opinion, because logically your opinion will be different from that of a person on Student government. So, to answer your question, I'm asking both.

Coed: I don't believe that it necessarily affects the student's adult life because too many of the students are just so apathetic and they don't connect student government with the government in the outside world, their state government or their national government. And with our surroundings, where all the students are approximately the same age, there are too many things that enter into these campaigns, too many things that are petty and small, that you couldn't even vaguely connect with a state or national government. Therefore I don't think it has any affect at all on your later life.

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SG: Members of student government are definitely affected as far as their later life in the training that they acquire by serving in such a leadership capacity. However, student government itself is not reaching the peak of its effectiveness unless the student, not a member of the Board, feels some sort of effect on his relationship with government in general. This is often overlooked, and I feel that this is often a very disillusioning factor as far as the role of student government on so many campuses. We see the Longwood campus more clearly than we see others, but I think each student must take her own responsibility in each government, whether it be student, or local, or national. So often we see the same tendencies prevalent on the Longwood campus that we see when we get out into the world itself with its own forms of government. Perhaps the biggest tendency is the apathy that exists. Often student government or any government has no real relation to the normal person, the local student until it really comes to a point of having a great effect on a specific issue, and this is the time the student body, the local community, really rises up and makes its presence known. It's a pity that the individual cannot accept his responsibility at other times too, when the issues aren't as tense, and not as explosive as they are sometimes on our campus, and in local communities too. It is a situation that exists, and it's not just prevalent at Longwood, but prevalent in all forms of government, and perhaps we need to deal with this more effectively here, so that more people can be influenced when they go into the community.

Coed: I'd like to add to that. I think the general apathy is prevalent among part of the girls at Longwood, but I think there is an important reason behind this. I think it is because the same type of person gets elected every time and very seldom can a new person come in, maybe a person with tremendous ideas who thinks a little bit different, and get elected, even if the student body, or a major part of the apathetic people are behind them. It's so hard for this person to get elected because she is not incumbent, and they have disappointment after disappointment. Too often these elections are too personal, and I can't connect these with the outside world even though I know there is mudslinging in local and national elections. But it's the small petty issues that to me make this completely divorced from politics on the outside.

Moderator: Do you feel that a Student government usually reflects student thought? You've spoken, both of you, on student apathy, so do you think in light of this apathy that the students voice their opinions loudly enough for the student government to hear them. In other words, do you feel that the student government is aware of trends of student thought?

SG: Often times students do not use the avenues available to them to let their representatives know exactly how they feel, but this matter of whether student government accurately reflects student thought is a wide-open issue because often times student government tries to make the very best decision they can in a given situation and there are times when student government feels that the decision it makes cannot reflect

the general student opinion, because it does not feel that this is the best response to make. Now, there are pros and cons on both sides of this, it's certainly a moot question, but I think in any government a representative tries his best to represent his people, and then if he feels in his own estimation, on a specific issue, that he must follow his own conscience, whether it be the way his constituents might wish or not, I think he has to follow his conscience in a situation like this.

Moderator: As far as what you said about representatives voting the way they feel they should, doesn't the very word representative imply that this person is speaking for the people whom he represents? Now doesn't this rather sound like national elections where someone can win by popular votes and lose electorally? Do you think it's fair of a representative to act as an entity on the Board rather than a real representative?

SG: It's true that the class representatives at Longwood are elected by their class with the word representative tacked on to their name. However, I think they are elected as much for their own personal integrity as they are elected to reflect student opinion. Often a member of the Board is given a great deal of knowledge on a given subject, and more background material than the student body has. This often accounts for the fact that a person will vote according to his own conscience rather than perhaps by the misconstrued information that the student body might get.

Coed: I don't think that whether or not the student government reflects student thought can

be answered with a straight yes or no. When it doesn't, I don't at all blame the Board members because I think if the students want something bad enough they could use these avenues mentioned previously, but they don't. How many students have ever gone to a legislative meeting? Very few . . . I can speak for myself, I've only been to one. And if we want something badly enough, I think there are plenty of ways we could get it, but nobody cares, nobody wants to go to the trouble, and then they continually gripe when it doesn't pass.

Moderator: You mentioned student apathy again. Do you think for the most part that students are interested in their student government?

Coed: The average student—no. Except when something really big comes up that is offensive. But most of the time, no, because nobody really cares about little piddling rules or things like that, and this to me is wrong.

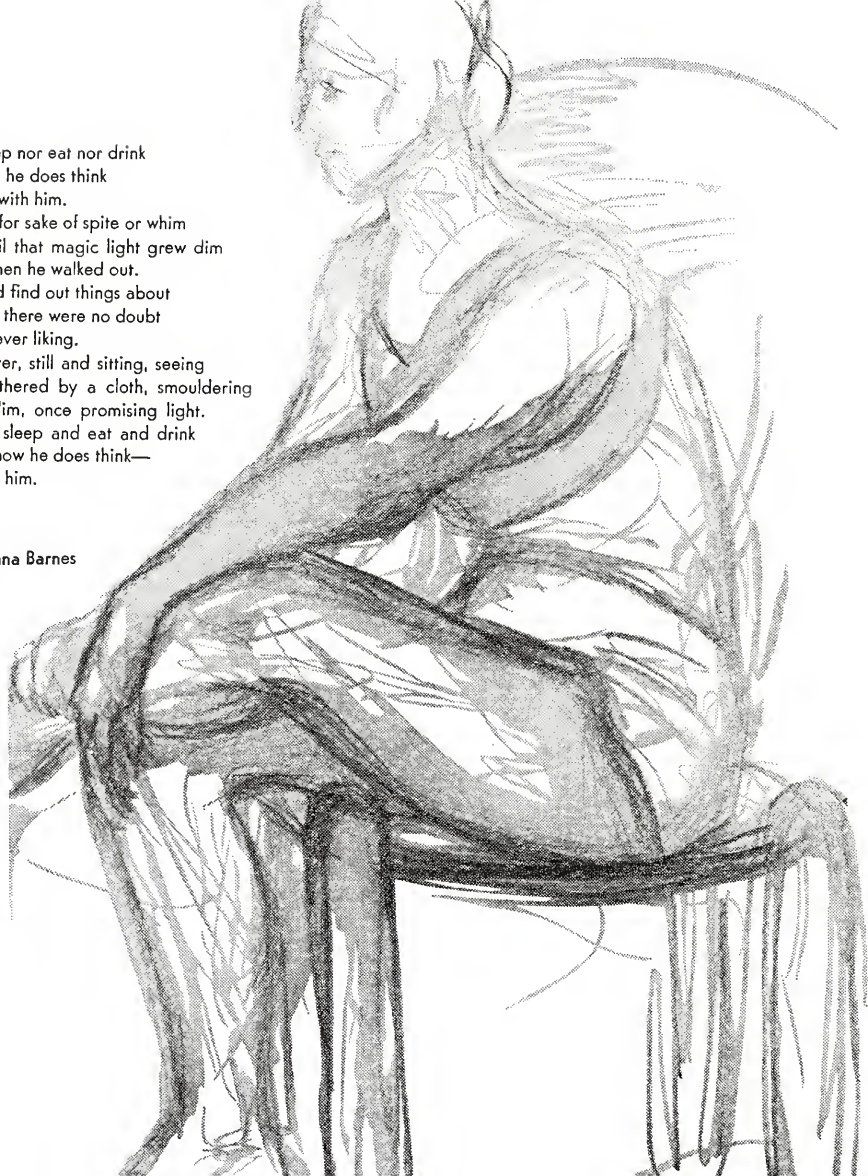
We have not attempted to draw any conclusions from the preceding debate—this is left up to the reader. There may be no valid conclusions to be drawn; whether or not any validity lies in the statements made can only be decided by each individual student.

The Editor

BUT THEN . . .

I would never sleep nor eat nor drink
If could know how he does think
Of my happiness with him.
If he took me not for sake of spite or whim
And kept me until that magic light grew dim
I would not cry when he walked out.
We could talk and find out things about
Each other, and if there were no doubt
We would be forever liking.
Now it is as a lover, still and sitting, seeing
Her Self be smothered by a cloth, smouldering
And losing the dim, once promising light.
But then, I could sleep and eat and drink
And never know how he does think—
I wish I never met him.

Donna Barnes



THE THEFT

The morning had not been a good one for Janet Harless. The cook had lost the menu for dinner, there had been endless calls about tomorrow's bridge luncheon, and now not even the chrysanthemums would co-operate and allow themselves to be placed in a proper arrangement. As she moved through the big house, Janet found herself weary even though it was still quite early in the day.

The telephone rang. It was an annoying sound; she glared at the instrument that had already brought her so much irritation.

"Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. James Harless. Miller's Department Store? I'm sorry, but you've made an error; I don't have an account with you.

"My daughter Patricia? Really, sir, there is obviously some mistake . . .

"Please repeat that. Shoplifting! Are you certain that it's Patricia Harless?"

The tiredness vanished; the serious masculine voice on the phone made her alert, and yet somehow she felt weak. Mrs. Harless sat down, still grasping the unruly chrysanthemums. She found her voice.

"Yes, of course, I'll come. Immediately! Expect me in thirty minutes."

Mrs. Harless took a deep breath, then asked, "May I speak to Patricia? Can you let her talk to me on the phone?"

The long silence apparently meant consent, and

she knew it was her daughter by the way she took the receiver, by the sound of her breathing, and the single word, "Mother?"

"Patty, is it true? Is what the man told me . . . were you really . . . Now dear, don't cry. I'll be there soon—just as soon as I possibly can."

She returned the receiver to the phone as though she were in a trance. She moved slowly away, then ran to a closet, took out a coat, and hurried from the house. At the door of the garage, she remembered her car keys, and so remembered her purse.

As the car raced down the long driveway, Janet tried to collect her thoughts. What would she say to her daughter when she got to the store? What would she say to the floor manager? Or, for that matter, how would she even find his office? These questions ran through her mind, allowing themselves to be asked, but not answered. But she could not worry about that now. Her main concern was getting to the store as fast as possible. Once at her destination, she would think about these things. She again remembered her purse. I'll pay for the things Patty took, she thought. Money! She had brought very little with her. Perhaps she would not be able to pay for them. Janet quickly tried to push this thought away, as she had done with the others.

The parking lot was just in front of her, and as Janet parked the car, she told herself to be

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calm. Calm, and pleasant to the floor manager, but get to your daughter as fast as you can!

She walked through the double doors, stopped and asked a clerk for directions.

"Straight back, then to your right."

"Thank you."

Janet, trying to compose herself, started to knock on the door, but hesitated. As much as she wanted to go in, she couldn't. Don't be silly, she thought, do it.

The knock.

"Come in."

Mrs. Harless opened the door and walked in. She was ready to confront the situation. She would be with her daughter, help her through this, and later, help her tell her father. Right now, she must take things as they came.

The conversation had been tense, but even so, had gone better than Janet expected. The floor manager had emphasized the fact that Patty must be made to see the magnitude of her mistake, and in so doing, had casually mentioned that he had also called Mr. Harless, but had been unable to reach him because of a business conference. Here was something new for Janet to worry about. The secretary would tell Jim that a man had called about his daughter, and this would annoy him, because one thing Jim never did was mix business and family life.

The drive home was quiet; Janet had wanted to ask Patty, "Why?" but knew that plenty of this would come later. She thought she might as well leave that for Jim to ask. Yes, leave it for Jim, she thought. He'll be hard enough on her. Why cause her to go through that twice?

All during the afternoon she had wanted to be by her daughter's side, to protect her, but now that she saw her here, riding quietly along . . . now that she knew Patty was safe, she could feel her motherly instincts subsiding. Her attitude toward Patty was changing; she wanted some answers to the thousand questions that had been racing through her mind since the phone call, yet she was also fearful of what she might hear. Maybe she didn't really want to hear why Patty had done it.

They arrived at the house and went inside. Patty had not spoken since leaving the store, but now she ventured, "Think I'll change before Daddy comes home."

Janet felt as though she were being deserted. Her daughter must have noticed the change in her expression, because she quickly added, "I'll only be a minute."

Janet took off her coat, walked into the living room, and fell into a chair. The day had been exhausting, and she was feeling every minute of it. She looked around her and noticed that she was sitting in the chair beside the phone, and on the floor, in a mass of petals and stems where she had dropped them, were the flowers for the arrangement that had once been her main problem of the day. How much they are like this afternoon, she thought, just one jumble of petals lying beside that awful phone.

Her musings were broken by the sudden slamming of a door. Janet rose quickly, and went into the hall.

"Jim!" she said with a startled look.

"Why so shocked? Don't I always come

home in the afternoon?" He chuckled, bent down and kissed his wife on the cheek. He walked into the living room.

Janet came in from the hall.

"You must have had a good day," she said. "I haven't seen you this pleased with yourself, or with home, in months."

There was a funny half-smile on Jim's face as he said, "Yes, I had a rather good day. We finally tied up that deal with Granger."

"Jim, that's wonderful! I know how hard you've been working on that, and how much you wanted everything to go right."

Jim sat down and leaned toward her.

"Well, after Granger and his twenty lawyer-advisor entourage left my office, I looked around the room, and then I looked at my calendar. There was really nothing important scheduled for weeks. I thought, Jim, old man, you should take a break and celebrate your new income tax bracket. So, I decided to take a vacation, and start seeing my wife and daughter again."

Janet smiled, the kind of warm and happy smile that she had not known for many years.

Jim continued, "The three of us haven't been anywhere together in years."

He looked at his wife, and she saw the funny half-smile again.

"I've heard Paris is lovely in the autumn."

"Paris!" Janet cried. "Oh Jim, really? You mean we're going to Paris?"

"I thought we'd spend a few days in London, too. That's where you girls have been planning to do your shopping this year, isn't it?"

They both laughed delightedly, at the prospect

of a trip, and because each was enjoying the other's company again.

Jim said, "You can call Patty's principal and tell him to let her off a couple of weeks for a **very** educational trip. Tell him we'll spend ten days in the Louvre and the other four in Westminster Abby. Lay it on thick. By the way, where is Patty? Doesn't she usually get home by this time?"

Patty! Jim's good humor and talk of a vacation had made Janet forget. But there was no time to prepare Jim now, for Patty had just appeared in the doorway.

"Daddy!" she said. Her eyes were big, and she was standing perfectly still.

"What's this? More gloom? Don't tell me you're afraid of me, too." He laughed again, rose, and walked toward her.

"Come in," he said, "I've got great news for you. Your mother and I were just discussing a vacation."

Patty heard none of this.

"Mother—" Her voice was high, and she was frightened.

Jim stopped abruptly, and looked from his wife to his daughter, and back to his wife.

"What's wrong with you two? You're both acting like you're scared to death."

"Jim, there's something we have to tell you."

Janet turned toward the doorway and said, "Patty, come in. It's time to have a talk with your father."

Jim was now confused, and a bit irritated. He hadn't been home this early in years, and this time, he had come bringing good news for his

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family. Now there was some mother-daughter problem that he was apparently going to have to solve. He sat down, prepared to settle what probably had been a silly quarrel about Patty's curfew, an increase in her allowance, or something equally trivial.

Patty timidly walked into the room and stood beside her mother. There was something in her face, something in the way she walked—so stiffly, so formally—that made Jim sense a greater importance in the conversation that was to follow than a 12:30 curfew.

"Daddy—" She paused, looked at her mother, and continued in a weak voice, "Daddy, today I . . . I was in Miller's Department Store, and . . ."

"Miller's Department Store?" Jim broke in. "There was a call from a man who works there today, but I was in a conference. What's wrong? Have you charged too much to your account, and you're afraid I'm going to be terribly mad at my spendthrift daughter?" Jim smiled and started to walk towards Patty.

"No, Daddy, no. It's not that—it's a lot worse than that."

Jim stopped, and looked at them both.

"Well, what is it? Will one of you please tell me what's going on?"

"Well, today I . . . I . . . oh, Mother, I can't. I just can't! You tell him. Please!"

Patty was almost crying, and Janet couldn't bear to see her so upset. Though she had not intended telling Jim herself, now she would certainly have to.

"Jim, today Patty was caught taking some things from the jewelry counter at Miller's—"

"Caught? Caught taking things? You mean—**shoplifting?**" Jim had not expected this, yet as he spoke, his voice seemed to have little concern. It was merely incredulous.

"Yes. I had to go down and talk to the floor manager. Patty returned the items, so there's no question of paying for them, but Mr. Barnes and I both felt that it was important to make Patty understand just what she had done, and—"

"Mr. Barnes? Who is Mr. Barnes?"

"He's the floor manager."

"Oh yes, of course." Again there was little concern in his voice. Janet had the feeling that she was standing here in her home discussing something very personal with a total stranger. No, that was not fair. But with someone who was thinking of something different. Thinking, not of Patty, but of something that concerned only himself. Suddenly she felt quite alone, as she had just before going into the floor manager's office.

Patty had been standing rigidly at the edge of the room. She walked forward a few steps, stopped, and hastily said, "I've got a terrible headache. I'm going to my room. Please excuse me."

"Patty, stay here. I want to talk to you about this."

Patty had already disappeared into the hall, and was running up the stairs by the time Jim spoke. For the first time, he seemed affected. He turned and looked at Janet.

"Well, this I didn't expect. I come home with great news for my family, but it's nothing compared to what my family had for me."

Jim sat down, said nothing for a few minutes, and then spoke.

"I can't imagine Patty doing that. I've always thought of our daughter as being sweet and innocent, and above all, honest." He was silent, then continued, "Why did she do it? Do you know? What did she tell you about it?"

Janet felt trapped. She didn't want to admit that she hadn't even asked, but that was the only answer she had.

"I haven't spoken to her about it. I thought she had already been through enough embarrassment, and I knew that you'd want to ask her, so I thought—"

"So you thought, 'Leave it to Jim. He'll take care of everything. He'll be the villain, as always. He'll holler and fuss and raise the roof, while you come through as the shining angel of mercy.'"

Jim's whole attitude had changed. His eyes glared at her, and his voice was angry as if she had done something wrong. Didn't he understand that she had just wanted to spare her daughter, to make it as easy as possible for her?

"No. That's not it at all. I just assumed that you would talk to her, and since you probably would have your own idea of how it should be handled and what punishment she should receive, I thought it better if I didn't interfere."

"Punishment? For what? Patty knows the difference between right and wrong, and she certainly knows by now not to try that trick again. You saw her—she's scared to death. She won't risk all the humiliation and fright to try that again. There's no need to talk about punishing her."

Janet stood up, startled.

"You mean you're going to do nothing? You're simply going to drop it? Forget about it? But you can't do that—we can't do that. Patty needs to know how we feel about this; she has got to realize how serious this is."

Jim stood up and walked across the room. He took out a cigarette, lit it, and turned around, squarely facing her. Janet could tell that he was irritated, though she did not know why.

"Well, then, Janet, why don't **you** tell her?" His voice had a ring of sarcasm that she had not heard before.

"I should tell her? But I can't. You know how close we are."

"But her father isn't close to her. He can do the dirty work. That's what you really mean, isn't it?"

"No. Of course not. But there are some duties that belong to a father, Jim. You can't just let this pass without saying anything."

"Oh, Janet, let's be reasonable about this. You've begun to act like the typical hysterical mother. Our daughter isn't a criminal; she's young, and young people are impulsive. It was the same way when we were eighteen."

"We were impulsive, yes, but not thieves."

"Oh, nonsense! So Patty took some jewelry—that doesn't make her a thief. You have no right to judge her so harshly."

Janet was shocked. She stared at her husband in disbelief, but her look was met with one of equal disgust.

"No right to judge? Good God, Jim, we can't

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ignore our own daughter, not now, not when she needs us most."

"I have no time to discuss it further. It would be better for us all if you would not keep building this incident up to such monstrous proportions. You always do that. About everything."

A slamming door abruptly ended the conversation. Jim had walked out. Patty, too, had left her, had retreated to her room, and once again, Janet felt quite alone as she sat in the room where the whole thing had begun.

Jim walked to his car, got in, and drove away. He was annoyed with the discussion of his daughter, and now he was leaving. How could Janet be behaving in such a manner? Janet, who for so long had been totally ineffective as either a mother or a social adornment, was suddenly a paragon of virtue, and Patty was acting even more absurd. Imagine leaving the room on that flimsy headache excuse!

The amiable Paris-bound father of ten minutes earlier had become James C. Harless, business executive, on his way to the club for a scotch and water and a brief pause from family problems. There he could relax and try to forget the troublesome incident that had wrecked his afternoon and his disposition.

As he drove along, it was Janet, not Patricia, who occupied his thoughts. So now, he thought, a clean and virtuous life has become fashionable at the Harless residence, especially as performed by the good wife. She would remain the innocent and unsuspecting mother who would remain deeply and tragically shocked by her daughter's reckless act, but who would stand by her, and guide her through the crisis.

The big, black car sped down the long driveway and stopped in front of the renovated country house that was the Grayson Hunt Club. The doorman, bartender, and club members could tell that James Harless was in no mood for friendly conversation. The heavy black eyebrows were drawn and made a formidable canopy over his keen, blue eyes. The stride was too quick, the tongue too sharp for the usually even-tempered Jim who always had a pleasant greeting ready.

He sat down, picked up a newspaper, and began to scan it, but could only think about his daughter. The earlier events of the afternoon were going through his mind, and for the first time, he began to consider them seriously. Such a stupid thing to do, he thought. Why, she could have paid for that foolish costume jewelry with the loose change in her purse. Doesn't Patty feel any responsibility—to anyone? Oh God, he thought, I'm beginning to think like Janet.

And, as for Janet, why did she insist on making this so important? Hell, thousands of people pick up an item or two at some time in their lives as they walk through a store. They don't get caught, but my daughter did. It was just a bad break for her; she was the one in several thousand who gives in to the impulse to take something, the luckless one who makes the mistake of not getting by with it.

James Harless rose, laid the paper in the chair, and walked to the bar where he would buy drinks for the club members he had slighted. He was content with himself, feeling justified in putting out of his mind any further concern for his daughter. After all, there was no reason to be



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seriously disturbed. Patricia was usually level-headed; this thing wouldn't happen again.

As he ordered a round of drinks for the club members present, he was the congenial Jim they were accustomed to seeing standing at the bar, laughing, talking, being what many of them considered the perfect family- and business-man.

At the house, Janet was still quite alone. It was getting dark. She got up, turned on a lamp, and walked toward the dining room. Dinner! She had completely forgotten about it, but surely the cook had prepared something. What does it matter, she thought. She stared at the table. Suddenly it seemed so large—too large for three people. Tonight she realized just how great the distance was between them all.

Gwen Muse

SUNGLASSES

I had loved you for so long
A familiar hat
An old dress with stains in the armpits.
It was never a clear, keening
cymbal-crashing love,
But soft catapillar grey love
And I like my warm secure womb.

One of these days we'll get married
You'd say.
And I accepted.
Not knowing that
Inside my closed eyelids
Burnt gold and bronze
A new love, a new lust.

Freda Richards

REVIEW

The Children of the South. By Margaret Anderson Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, Copyright, 1966.

The Children of the South represents a collection and a review of the experiences of a teacher-guidance counselor during the desegregation of her school in Clinton, Tennessee. Although much has been written on this topic, Margaret Anderson, the author, manages to bring out her point of view without the "sermonism" so often found in books concerning the South and the Negro. Granted, a certain amount of emotionalism does creep into the passages, but I find it to give a more humanistic quality to her subject.

Undoubtedly, she combines a certain amount of idealism with her realism—she shows the situation, past, present and future, as no bed of roses, but includes hope for gradual peace and adjustment as lying close over the horizon. All three points of view in the desegregation process, the radical segregationist, the "too" determined integrationist, and the apathetic "careless" middle man, are presented, with the reasons and explanations of their viewpoints taken into account. By showing the differing southern attitudes, she gives **The Children of the South** a certain degree of unbiasedness, although one learns early in its pages where Mrs. Anderson's sentiments fall.

One of the book's stronger points is, I believe, the method of presentation. Individual examples form the framework for bringing out points of the problem and solutions. The author speaks with authority in the several cases of children presented, and often these personal stories are

heart-rending and pull the reader right into the discussion. This technique is one of the book's better qualities; the vocabulary and figurative language used was not outstanding due to the seemingly elementary level it tried to reach, but was quite clear and simple to comprehend.

The major point brought out by Mrs. Anderson is this, summarized in the following quote from **The Children of the South**:

"All of this, then, can be boiled down to one thing: there is an immediate need for far-reaching educational programs for these children, and they must be provided in today's schools. We are in need of programs of excellence and high standards so bold that, to my mind, the entire educational system of the South needs to be overhauled. I would even go further and say that this is one of the moral imperatives of our time. Until desegregation in the South is completed from the first grade up, and especially for those children coming into our schools today in the upper grades, we must provide programs of cultural and educational enrichment for them—extra things to make up for whatever they have been denied or need to compete with other children—if we are to educate today's Negro children as they should be educated."

The Children of the South does present an interesting slant on the desegregation crisis—the teacher's viewpoint. It is critical, yet still agreeable to the facts. It offers possible solutions and ideals for the American—in a totality and as an individual—to consider and ponder. As Mrs. Anderson so aptly states: "At some point the

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turmoil must cease and the Negro must begin to direct his energies toward cementing the gains, as in war we begin to prepare for lasting peace. The Negro must now begin to look to an age which will be vastly different from the time just past—an age in which he will develop and utilize his talents. The talents of his race are relatively untapped. I like to think that the new age will be one of diplomacy and statesmanship, an age of achievement.

In this new age he must begin to speak for himself as an individual and accept the responsibility for his own destiny. The new way of life must come from him. It cannot be imposed upon him. Laws can only make it possible. When he is able to speak for himself as an individual and show attainment as an individual, he will move as a people into the new age of achievement.

"The new South is in the hearts and minds of today's children."

Suzan Woltz

"GONE FOREVER"

Shall Time sometime snatch away?
The softness of fur when I first touch it,
The color of a sunny autumn day,
The intangible spirit of Christmas,
The feeling of success when my goal is attained,
The sudden surge of tenderness when I am kissed?
Shall these be gone, gone forever,
Never to be felt again in quite the same way?
Time stands o'er me like a despot, burdening,
suppressing,
And will not let me be.

Cindy Carwile

For two years, Sarah and Bob Carns and Ruth and Troy Beard had shared the isolated, duplex house which overlooked the metropolis of Canterbury. The two couples had been happy in their secluded home, where life was quiet, but pleasant. On Saturday nights, the four of them would sit leisurely on their mountain lawn, the men talking about their jobs, the women about their shopping excursions.

One chilly, Saturday evening, as they sat watching the neon lights flashing from the city below, Troy suggested that they "go to Canterbury and do the town."

"Oh, what a marvelous idea!" said Sarah, enthusiastically. "Oh, please, Bob. Let's go."

"I don't know, Sarah. If we're going to your mother's tomorrow, we'll have to get an early start."

"But she's not expecting us until four. Oh, come on, Bob. It will do you good."

"I think Bob's right, Sarah," said Ruth. "You know we never get home early when we go to town."

"Why, Ruth Beard! I'm ashamed of you. I thought us women were supposed to stick together."

"Any other time, yes. But definitely not to-night. You'll thank me in the morning."

"Oh, all right. You win again. I guess we can watch the tube. There's supposed to be a good horror show on tonight. What do you say?"

"Sounds fine to me," said Ruth. "Come on, everybody. Let's go inside."

"We can watch it and have a few shots of tranquilizer at the same time," Troy said, as

they all headed toward the house. "We've got some gin left over from last week."

"Wonderful," said Sarah.

"Turn the T. V. on, Ruth," said Troy, when they were all inside. "I'll mix the drinks. Want one, Bob?"

"Please."

"How about you, Honey?" he said to his wife.

"No thanks, Troy. Maybe later."

"I don't have to ask if you want one, Sarah," teased Troy.

"Oh, be quiet and go fix them. The movie's about to start."

Troy disappeared into the kitchen and returned shortly with the three drinks. Ruth was bent over the T. V., fiddling with the knobs. "I can't get a picture, Dear," she sighed.

"Just a minute," Troy said. "I'll get it." He handed a drink to Sarah and Bob and took a sip of his own. "Your drinks all right?"

"Yes," they answered in unison. "They're fine."

Setting his glass on the coffee table, Troy crossed the room to help his wife.

"I don't understand it, Troy. It was working perfectly this afternoon."

"It's probably just interference from the city," Troy reasoned.

"Maybe it's an airplane, Ruth," said Sarah.

"But it's never done this before," Ruth argued.

"Why don't you just leave it alone, Honey," Troy said. "It'll probably come back on its own. I'm sure there's nothing wrong with the T. V. Come on. Sit down and relax."

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the tube

Ruth made one last irritated attempt to correct the faultiness.

"Come on, Ruth. Hands off, I said. If you keep fooling with it, we'll never get a picture."

"Oh, all right." Ruth turned reluctantly away from the television, hitting it once with her fist as she left. She casually shifted her eyes to the sofa, where Troy, Sarah, and Bob had been sitting. At once, her eyes bulged in disbelief. They were gone.

"What?" she managed to gasp. "Troy?"

There was no answer.

"Troy, where are you?" She let her eyes dash around the room. She was alone. "Troy, answer me! Don't scare me like this," she screamed. She stood silently for a moment, straining her ears in terror and disbelief. But only a deadly silence echoed back.

"Oh, please, Troy," she sobbed. "Please, don't joke with me. Please come out—from wherever you are." Her moist hands were beginning to tremble and her jaw quivered slightly. "Oh, God, make him come out!" she cried. She collapsed to the floor, hysterical.

"Ruth, look up." It was Sarah's voice she heard.

Ruth slowly raised her head, finding herself facing the television set. With a look of horror, the whimpering girl stared at the machine as she recognized the three faces which peered out from behind the screen at her: Troy, Sarah, and Bob. Shrieking, she ran madly toward the big clumsy monster and thrust her weight against it, sending it crashing to the floor. The sounds that followed sickened her, and she insanely pressed

on her ears to muffle them. Her husband and her two friends were moaning and groaning, blood saturating their televised expressions of agony. Ruth's body fell limply to the floor as she heard Bob shriek, "You've killed me. My God, Ruth. You've killed me." The TV went blank.

The cheery sun, which streamed into the open window, woke Ruth. She blinked her eyes, then creased her puzzled brow as Troy came tiptoeing into the room. Ruth slowly turned her head toward her husband, terror in her eyes.

"Troy!" she blurted out. "Oh, Troy, was it a dream? Oh, thank God!"

"What are you talking about, Dear?"

"You don't know? Oh, Troy! It was terrible! You were inside the television. You were dying. You were dying and Sarah was dying and Bob. . . ." She burst into tears.

Troy lifted her into his arms, stroking her hair and hushing her.

"Calm down, Darling," he comforted. "It's all right. You fainted is all. Last night when you were trying to fix the television. . . ."

"Last night?"

"Of course. We thought at first maybe you got an electric shock or something. But you came to in less than a minute. You're all right now, aren't you?"

"But it was so *real*, Troy. It was so *terrible*. You were dying and covered with blood."

"Now, now, Ruth. It's all over now. See. I'm alive. Now, don't you worry about a thing. Are you feeling well enough to get up?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then come on now. We've got to hurry or

we'll miss your mother's good cooking. OK?"

"OK, Honey. I'll hurry." But Ruth could not rid herself of an uneasy feeling. It was no longer because of the terrible vision on the T.V. screen, but because she could not remember anything that happened afterward.

Two hours later, Sarah, Bob, Troy, and Ruth were winding up the huge mountain that divided their house from the city of Willingham, where Ruth's mother lived. They had been driving for over an hour now, and still had two hours to go.

"Anyone want to take over the wheel?" Bob asked. I'm getting tired. I didn't get much sleep last night."

"Don't look at me," Troy teased. "You wanted to drive, you simpleton. So don't back out now."

"You're a true friend, Troy."

"Don't mind Troy, Bob," said Ruth. "He's the laziest person on earth. I'll volunteer, though. OK?"

"It's all right with me. Are you ready to take over now?"

"Ready as I'll ever be."

Bob turned onto an old dirt road, helped Ruth into the driver's seat, and slipped in the back with his wife. He leaned his head against the window and closed his eyes. Starting the motor and looking both ways, Ruth pulled back onto the main highway.

"Take it easy, Honey," said Troy. "We want to get there in one piece."

"Oh, stop criticising my driving. You drive twice as fast as I do."

"Not on curves like this, I don't."

"I'm going five miles under the speed limit. What do you expect me to do?"

"Just take it easy." His voice seemed slightly irritated now.

"Well, if you think that's fast, watch this," she laughed, stepping on the gas.

"Cut it out, Ruth. You want to get us all killed? Cut it out, I said. I mean it! I . . ."

The back end of the car suddenly swerved to the left, throwing all its passengers but Ruth against the right side of the car. Sarah and Bob shrieked.

"My God, Ruth!" yelled Troy as Ruth slammed on the brakes. "Get your damn foot off that brake!"

It was too late. The car swerved off the road and tumbled down a roadside bank, smashing into a clump of trees. Ruth was thrown out of the car, leaving the others at the mercy of the crumbling chrome and shattering glass. It was over in an instant.

Unhurt, Ruth looked at the remains of the car, which lay about fifty yards from her. For a moment, all was silent. Then she heard the moaning voices of the car's prisoners. Finding that she had received no injuries, Ruth tore, sweating and panting, toward the cries.

"You've killed me. My God, Ruth. You've killed me," she heard a man's voice groan.

Ruth jolted to a stop. Her face was the face of a mad woman. Through the shattered window, she could see her husband and her two friends moaning and groaning, blood saturating their agonized expressions. "Bob!" she cried. "Bob, are you all right!"

There was no answer.

Liz Uhler



Who comes to bury all the birds that die?
Those fluttering flowers of the morning sky,
Whose mates call from the trees without reply—
Somewhere the frozen wings must find to lie.
Does nature leave the appetite of ants
To eat away the beauty of her springs;
Or to the clangorous wind and rain dead chants,
The echoes of a ghostly throat that sings?
Some child, I like to think, alone at play,
Might find the corpse and love it in its death,
And dig a shallow grave, and then to pray,
Perhaps to cry because it had no breath.
I like to think when my last song is heard,
Some child will pray for me as for a bird.

Tagalie Lombard

graduate

education

Almost from the beginning of our country's history Americans have realized the need for higher education. In 1636 Harvard was founded, in 1693 William and Mary, and in 1701 Yale; these institutions were the forerunners of the great universities and smaller colleges which today are scattered throughout the United States. They were established with one particular purpose in mind: the education of young men. The school supposedly contributed to a young man's total growth, spiritually and socially as well as academically. The function of such institutions was actually relatively vague, but it was a beginning.

During the next century American professors began traveling to European universities for advanced study, and concern for graduate work, both study and research, began to grow on this side of the Atlantic. These enlightened scholars returned home to add to the undergraduate program here a new area of study which gradually expanded to become the graduate school of arts and sciences. Throughout the years of this development the professional schools of business, theology, law, and medicine were growing, and small colleges were becoming more nearly like the universities. The function of the undergraduate program was gradually emerging with somewhat more clarity although graduate work in non-professional institutions often remained a vague search for the Truth. Finally, however, in 1847 Yale established a definite graduate course of study, awarding the first Ph.D. in this country in 1861, and other universities soon followed suit.¹

Most of the leaders in this development of

graduate programs had attended German universities, and, in accord with this influence, emphasized intense research, particularly original research; thus it has been necessary from the beginning of graduate study in this country to write a dissertation for an advanced degree. By the end of the century there was uniformity among the various graduate programs to the extent that upon completion of the Ph.D. requirements the student had studied about three years beyond the under-graduate level, had passed an examination in a particular field of knowledge, and had written a dissertation based on his own research.²

Growth and expansion in the colleges paralleled another trend that was, at that time, developing both in society at large and in education: The status of the woman in this country was changing. The first Ph.D. was awarded a woman in the United States in 1902 at Radcliffe.³ This trend continues to the present day. There is greater and greater opportunity and, indeed, demand for women in specialized professions. Women have become particularly important in the field of education. Qualified faculty is necessary to keep step with the growing number of college students; it is this that should concern students at a teachers' college such as Longwood.

Frequently the typical student in a college such as Longwood has only a vague notion of just what graduate study involves; such a student usually cannot see its relevance to her future plans. It is essential that the average college student, whether young man or young woman,

realize the growing importance of study on the graduate level, particularly in the field of education. It is of concern to American educators that graduate schools are not producing college teachers to match the increasing enrollment.⁴ It should also be of concern to the college student of today. He should be aware of the present crowded classroom conditions and of the increasing number of qualified students who cannot enter the college of their choice because of these already crowded conditions.

The college student should first become aware of what a graduate program involves. Dr. Richard B. Brooks, Dean of Longwood College, was most helpful in sharing his information and thoughts concerning this. A program leading to a Master's degree usually requires either thirty course hours of work or twenty-four hours with a thesis. In most programs other than education the student must establish a year's residence, the reason being that he will naturally have to make use of library materials to a great extent. A growing number of programs require two years' residence on campus, particularly programs in psychology. Work in a Ph.D. program usually takes much longer, and again a year's residence is usually required. To be admitted to candidacy for a degree the student must have established residence, completed the course work, and passed a reading examination. Often the student must also pass a comprehensive examination in his field. The importance of the dissertation can be seen when one realizes that because of it a person becomes known as having done extensive research on the graduate

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level in one particular field. It may be noted that often the faculty sponsor will assign a dissertation which will be of benefit to him in his field. This should be taken into consideration when deciding upon a particular graduate school.

Students often are unaware even of the procedure for entering into a graduate program of study. The first step is consultation with a faculty member of one's own college, perhaps the head of the department of his major, to find out the university that would best answer his needs in his particular field of interest. Most graduate schools require a scholastic record of at least B average in one's major and a cumulative average of C+. Most also require that the applicant pass a reading examination in a language. Sometimes language study in the graduate school is permitted in lieu of this requirement. After the selection of two or three schools the next step is to write to the directors of admission for catalogs, application blanks for the graduate program, and application blanks for financial aid. If the prospective student has been working since graduation recommendations are often helpful as is a personal interview. The applicant should visit the campus in any case. It is best to apply early in the fall; usually by February the application must be completed including submission of examination grades. In March announcements of admission are usually made. It may be noted that in the field of education it is often helpful to work some time before entering graduate school for several reasons: recommendations of one's employer based on his work are often beneficial, as mentioned above; the prospective stu-

dent will acquire maturity; and he will discover through actual encounter the areas of his field in which further study would be most helpful. It must be remembered that it is usually best to start graduate study before assuming the responsibilities of a family.

Financial aid to the graduate student falls into two basic categories: the fellowship enables the student to work full-time on his graduate studies, and the assistantship requires some kind of service on the part of the student, such as teaching or research. The fellowship is usually most desirable. Many fellowships are awarded by the university or college; information about such grants may be obtained from the head of the department in which one expects to study. Various national programs award larger fellowships: the National Science Foundation, the Public Health Service, and the National Defense Education Act program, all under the jurisdiction of the Federal government. The Woodrow Wilson Foundation and the Danforth Foundation award fellowships to those planning to teach in the South. Nominations for these are made by a college faculty member to the regional director. Other fellowships are granted by smaller governmental programs, by business and industry, and by other foundations.⁵ Often fellowships make some financial provision for any dependents a married student may have.

The importance of graduate study must be recognized by the college student of today, particularly the student entering the field of education. As Dr. Brooks and so many others with graduate study experience have noted, it is

often as much a matter of endurance as of intellect.

Phyllis Myers

FOOTNOTES

¹Radcliffe Faculty-Trustee Committee, *Graduate Education for Women* (Cambridge, 1956), pp. 5-6.

²*Ibid.*, p. 7.

³*Ibid.*, p. 8.

⁴Bernard Berelson, *Graduate Education in the United States* (New York, 1960), p. 45.

⁵*Ibid.*, pp. 146-147.

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THE ANNUAL POEM

A year gone by—
a friend,

Kindred spirit,
is lost;
a pride,
well protected,
is dead.

A phase has passed—
new happiness,
a wild joy,
is descending;
new beliefs,
a freedom,
will continue.

A year gone by—
and a phase,
my friends,
is halting;
the starch,
my soul,
is wilting.

Life only has more to offer.
What will Be after . . .
another year gone by?

Donna Barnes



sequel

All that was asked,
And nothing implied—
That's what I did for you.
If you had only—
Could you have pretended
You loved me?
Maybe it would have worked.
But don't expect any miracles, baby.
You got what you asked for.

Freda Richards



It was pretty cold that morning. The sky was clear; there were no signs of snow. That's not unusual though; it hadn't snowed here on Christmas day for fifteen years. Most of us kids have never seen a white Christmas. My brother remembers the time we went to Grandma's and it snowed there. I don't even remember going to Grandma's. He was eight and I was five. My sister hadn't even been born yet. I'm grown now . . . almost fourteen. My sister's six. She got a doll for Christmas this year that wasn't nothing like any doll anybody had ever seen before.

It was really spooky . . . the way that doll come in and look over the whole house. Everyone was scared of it. Sally, that's my sister, loved it

more now that she had Mary Ann. We couldn't make her cry or nothing.

On day Bobby and I were teasing Sally. Bobby started chasing her around the house, and there I was, left alone with Mary Ann. Well, I swear that doll looked at me and said: "My name is Mary Ann, and I don't like you." I just kinda stood there looking silly. Then Sally came back. She picked up Mary Ann, pulled the string, and waited. Mary Ann just looked her straight in the eyes and said, "My name is Mary Ann, and I love you."

Well, that was the first time . . . but not the last. Bobby said the doll talked funny to him too. He was picking on Sally for some reason one

THE DOLL

though. She didn't find the doll at all strange. It was probably her best friend in the whole world. You see, Mary Ann could talk. I know that's not unusual for a doll to do now days, but this doll was different. It would say things that weren't on the tape inside her. Her voice had that same squeaky tone and everything, only she'd say strange things. And sometimes she'd talk without pulling the string on the back of her neck. She wouldn't do this though if more than one person could hear her. She kinda liked to have you alone.

I admit that my brother and I have always given our sister a pretty hard time. But after she got that 'ole doll, the odds were on her side. Anything Bobby and I wanted Sally to do, didn't affect her. She didn't seem scared of us no

morning, and that afternoon Mary Ann said, "My name is Mary Ann, and you're mean." It scared poor Bobby so badly. He went running to tell Mom. He should have known better. He should have known that doll wouldn't never say nothing in front of Mom or Pop except what she says when you pull that string. Mom kinda looked at Bobby like he might have a tempera-ture. She shook her head, and then went on with fixing dinner. Bobby felt kinda silly, so he comes to me . . . asked me to tell Mom how the doll had talked to me, but I told him it wasn't no use. So he went on about his business, but I noticed he avoided the room that Mary Ann was in. We'd both gotten so we tried to keep out of the doll's way.

The dislike Bobby and I had for that doll was

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only because we knew that Mary Ann didn't like us. You just can't be friends with someone that you know is thinking how much they dislike you. Golly, now I'm even talking about that doll as if she were a person . . . a real live person. That's how Bobby and I began thinking of her though. I'll always believe that doll was alive. Maybe just temporary like . . . but it was alive. It wasn't just because she talked funny either. You could tell by the way her eyes looked at you.

Mary Ann and I might have gotten to be good friends eventually. I mean, I could have got used to her being made of rubber and paint. I began to kinda admire the way she stood up for Sally, even though it was always against me. I don't think Sally could ever have had a truer friend. It makes me feel kinda sad . . . what happened and all.

One day last week I was messing around in the hall near the back steps, and I heard this funny noise. When I looked around, there was Mary Ann at the foot of the steps. I could have sworn she hadn't been nowhere near five minutes ago. I don't mean that I saw her move . . . I didn't. But I'm pretty sure she wasn't there when I came down the steps. Since no one else was around, I decided to put a stop to that doll scaring me. I was going to pull the string out of her neck . . . to keep her from talking ever again. When I got up from where I had been sitting on the floor, I went over to where Mary Ann was sitting at the foot of the steps. I stood there bent over, because for some reason she seemed stuck to the floor. That doll was always giving me a hard time. I couldn't get a good grip on

the string from where I was. I think she knew what I was going to do. I still can't figure all this out . . . what happened next and all.

Suddenly there was a scream and the next thing I knew I was lying on the floor, and Sally was beside me. She had a stunned look on her face, then she began to cry. I found out later that she had started down the stairs and had seen me fooling with her doll. She started to run and she stumbled. She hit me before she hit the ground. Those stairs were so steep; I guess I might have saved her from getting hurt bad, maybe even killed. When I looked around me, I saw Mary Ann on the floor, broken into several pieces. Sally and I had both landed on her in full force. I picked her up and pulled the string that was still in her neck. The string came out real easy like. I remember thinking that ole Mary Ann probably wouldn't talk any more. I can't say I was sorry. In fact, I was pleased, but I didn't say this to Mary Ann. But just to make sure I gave the doll a shake and held it close to my ear. Then in a high, distant voice Mary Ann said: "My name is Mary Ann, and I love you." That was the last thing that Mary Ann ever said.

Alice Collier

Pangs of hunger
Fear of death
Eyes wide-open
Always searching—
Never safe,
Blistered feet
Aching bodies
Wreaking odors
Troubled minds—
Never rest,
Little children
Homeless children
Dirty faces
Ragged clothing—
Never happy,
Far away
Away from home
Nothing here
Only hate—
Never love,
Never safe
Never rest
Never happy
Never love—
ALWAYS WAR!

Linda Barron

YE OF LITTLE FAITH

How odd and wrong that they should pity me
As by their faces long, I clearly see.
As they about draw near and touch my bier,
Their moans and chants I darkly hear.
And why that they should kneel, that oath profess,
And still should moan for me, I cannot guess.
For know they not, dear Lord, as You and I
Far softer is the bed on which I lie.

N. Carol Coleman

They lay together beneath the trees
 Sheltered
 By the glowing darkness
Within them by mutual agreement
 Rests the power—the power to destroy
 But forever dormant
 Forever suppressed
One kiss
 Chaos
 The power unleashed
And they would bleed
 Not death but life
 Not pain but agony
 Not sorrow but bliss
With each crimson breath
With each treacherous blade
 Plunged deeply into their backs
 Tearing at their hearts
 Knawing at their mentality
Yet
 They would be one

L. D.

PATRONS

Farmville Manufacturing Company, Farmville
Shopping Center
Chappell's, 212 N. Main Street
Longwood Jeweler, 216 N. Main Street
Grants, Farmville Shopping Center
Princess Beauty Salon, 105 N. Main Street
Burger's Market, 144 N. Main Street
Weyanoke Book Store, 202 High Street
Leese's Pastry Shop, 119 N. Main Street
First National Bank, 200 N. Main Street
Gray's Drug Store, 219 N. Main Street
Carter's Flower Shop, One block from hospital
Lanscott's, 408 High Street
Cedarbrook Restaurant, Rice Road
James Madison Inn, Prospect Road
Tastee-Freez, Prospect Road
WFLO Radio Studios, Cumberland Road
Farmville Herald, 114 North Street
The College Shop, 114 N. Main Street
Newman's, 111 N. Main Street
Owen-Sanford, Farmville Shopping Center
Leggett's Department Store, Main Street
Crute's Drug Store, Main Street
Collins Florist, 119 N. Main Street
Martin the Jeweler, 123 N. Main Street
Hollywood Beauty Salon, 102 N. Main Street
Mr. Walter Eyster, Faculty Longwood College
Miss Bland, Faculty Longwood College

This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper

T. S. Eliot

